The Cheerful Letter

EVERY PLACE A CHURCH; EVERY DAY THE LORD'S DAY; ALL EVENTS BLESSINGS; ALL JOY THANKSGIVING; AND ALL NATURE AND LIFE FULL OF GOD.—*James Freeman Clarke.*

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THE CHEERFUL LETTER.

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THE PILGRIM FATHERS.

(December, 1620.)

'Mid that drear winter, from that stormy sea,
The Pilgrims passèd to that barren shore;
No field, no stream remembered tenderly,
No city bright a smile of welcome wore.
Their weary ears, oppressed by ocean's roar,
No sweet, familiar sounds were there to bless.
Into that desert drear their all they bore;
They came their souls in freedom to possess,
To wait upon their Lord there in the wilderness.

They came from happy fields, from streams beloved,
From smiling homesteads, for their Lord's dear sake.
Would not the Presence Bright that with them moved
Shine over them beside strange stream and lake,
Their Fatherland the unknown desert make?
O, stern their toil! Yet would He set at nought
The travail sore He bade them undertake?
O, would He not appear in what they wrought?
The Taskmaster Divine their tears, their toil they brought.

They dreamed not of the glory that would be;
They dreamed not of the nation to be born;
They dreamed not of the noontide majesty
That would blaze forth from their beclouded morn.
Not by hope's glowing fingers forth were drawn
The cities bright which throng that lonely shore,
The robes imperial by their children worn,
The golden gifts those deserts drear outpour,
The fulness of the strength, the fulness of the store!

Not by this splendour were ye gladsome made,
Ye needed not to dream this golden dream,
O, Pilgrims of the Lord! Ye only prayed
His awful eye full on your work to beam.
The mighty births wherewith your toil might teem
Your eyes required not. O, rich overflow
Of glorious cheer your work divine to deem,
His pleasure in your travail sore to know,
At His command to toil, beneath His smile to glow!

neighbor. Love, not fear, is the fulfilling of the law."

Christ came that He might cast out the fear of God. He would have us stand in holy awe of God, and reverence Him and be assured that in the supreme justice of God, love—even love—expresses itself in the necessary form of punishment. But He would have all this interpreted by the fact of the Divine Fatherhood. He would have us render a filial reverence. He would have our awe so mingled with affection that the thought of the Divine Presence is a perpetual joy.

When we read in the Old Testament that God was angry, let us remember that that was said before Christmas! The Christmas angels had no swords, neither did they appear to men who were in armor. The scene was one of peace and gentleness. The word of the annunciation of God was made to men who watched their flocks, to a devout maiden at her prayers, to students as they read the wide book of the shining sky. These were all persons in whose daily lives the Beatitudes would make no serious interruption.

Oh, when we see Christ face to face, we may be sad, we may be bitterly ashamed, but we shall not be afraid. His perfect love, which we shall then begin to understand, will cast out fear.

Christ came to put away the fear of man. It was indeed a new commandment which He gave,—"That ye love one another." And He made it new beyond all comparison with the wise words of other teachers, when He added the interpretation, "As I have loved you." His birth in the stable at Bethlehem consecrated the affection of the family, blessed the love of fathers and mothers and children, even in the sordid poverty of tenement-houses. Nobody is so obscure as to be outside the warm circle of the Christmas benediction. His daily companionship with the Twelve, His affection for Mary and Martha and Lazarus, consecrated friendship. He blessed the intercourse of simple people, choosing them out in preference to the great and wise, that thereby He might include us all. His words of mercy, His loving interest in the general life, His endeavor—always in quiet ways—to make the world about Him better, consecrated that larger friendship which shows itself in social service. He revealed and declared His divinity by going about doing good, healing the sick, comforting the sad, blessing little children, preaching the everlasting gospel.

At last He illuminated even the darkness of death. Taking away fear out of the heart of man, He even took away the fear of death. He made it possible to descend into the valley of that black shadow without ever losing sight of the blessed sky. He showed how all the hills which make that shadow belong to the celestial range of the delectable mountains, and are touched at the top with the same light which shone upon the shepherds.

Thus, wherever He went, fear fled away. They who learned of Him had no more dread, but walked with serene souls through the hard places. They, in their turn, carried the blessing of peace with them. So it comes to us, keeping our Christmas feast with joy and gratitude and love. We celebrate the abolition of fear. We look about us and perceive indeed that war has not yet ceased, and that cruelty still lingers among men; but we perceive also that the kingdom of peace has wider boundaries than it had. We look above us, and over all is the Eternal Father, regarding us with unimaginable affection.

Let us set ourselves against whatever in us or in others perpetuates man's fear of man, and makes the world unfriendly and unhappy. And let us change all fear of God into the perfect love of Him whose blessed birth the Christmas angels sang, who still says, as of old—"*It is I; be not afraid.*"—*George Hodges.*

THE STILL HOUR.

Where is Jesus born to-day?
Not in Bethlehem far away;
Not where shepherds wondering stand
With their flocks in David's land;
He is born within thy breast
When thou doest God's behest.

When there falls the mourner's tear,
When faith triumphs over fear,
When thou choosest for thy part
Purity of life and heart,
When thou leavest every sin,—
Then is Jesus born within.

Where is felt another's woe,
Where for love of Christ we go,
Where we suffer with the weak,
Where the least or lost we seek,
Where we soothe another's pain,—
There is Jesus born again.

—*Author Unknown.*

The principal object of one who begins to make use of prayer should be to endeavor and resolve and dispose one's self with all possible diligence to conform his will to that of God. The more perfectly we practise this, the more shall we receive from our Lord, and the further shall we advance in this way. But if we err in the beginning, and desire that God should immediately do *our* will, and lead us according to *our* fancies, what firmness can our edifice have?—*Teresa de Avila.*

Learn a short text at the beginning of the day. We learn that text (a few words, easily remembered) with the belief that God would have us live this day in the light of that special word of warning or encouragement, and with the intention of recalling it definitely and deliberately to our minds many times in the day. It is wonderful how the events of the day will bring out into new and startling significance the truth of a text thus taken into our lives as a special message from God. It brings us consciously into the Presence of God, throwing God's light and God's protection over the problems and perils of the day.—*F. W. Drake.*

Our anxiety for those who are fading out of this world, our sorrow over the departed, should quicken our desire to share more deeply that life in God which the dead in Christ live; that life is communion with God, an actual partaking of the divine nature. In order to share it we have to learn the life of prayer, the habit of looking up to God about everything, lifting up to him every sorrowful remembrance, every experience of anxiety or solitude, as well as every joy. It is not upon the departed, but upon us, that death presses. Our habit of prayer is our *coming back to life*—that life which our departed live forever.—*George Congreve.*

'Tis not in seeking,
'Tis not in endless striving,
  Thy quest is found.
Be still and listen;
Be still and drink the quiet
  Of all around.

Not for thy crying,
Not for thy loud beseeching,
  Will peace draw near.
Rest with palms folded;
Rest with thine eyelids fallen. . . .
  Lo! Peace is here.

—*Edward Rowland Sill.*

THE BOOK AND MAGAZINE CLUB.

Send all offers and requests for this department to Mrs. W. B. Nichols, 25 Fairmount Way, Quincy, Mass. Tel. Quincy 1140.

Please remember, when you see a request for a book in the Book Club, to write a card to Mrs. Nichols, asking "*Shall* I send such a book to such a person?" before sending it, else the person who requests it may receive several copies. When any one writes directly to you, asking for a book offered by you, send a card to Mrs. Nichols, saying that you *have* sent it. When you receive more requests than you can meet, send these to the Book Club to be printed here.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS.

Mrs. L. J. Haynes is now at Bassett, Virginia.

OFFERS.

Apply to Miss Nathalia Bent, 842 Washington Street, Canton, Mass.: "How Plants Grow," Gray; "American History for Schools," Quackenbos; "History of the World," Quackenbos; "Word Building" (a text-book); "Choice Thoughts" (collection of prose selections); "Teacher's Bible" (not in very good condition); "Enoch Arden" (paper cover); "African Adventures" (paper cover), Jean Kenyon Mackenzie.

The Brighton Branch offers the following. Address Miss C. L. Murdock, 320 Allston Street, Brighton, Mass. (post-office, Brookline 47). "The Bobbsey Twins at School," Laura L. Hope; "The Tale of Billy Woodchuck," Arthur Scott Bailey; "Bunny Rabbit's Diary," and "Tommy Tinker's Book," Mary Frances Blaisdell; "The Story Hour, for Home and Kindergarten," Kate Douglas Wiggin and Nora A. Smith; "Grandmother Dear," Mrs. Molesworth; "Five Little Peppers," "Phronsie Pepper," Margaret Sidney; "Gold Elsie," Mrs. A. L. Wister (translation); "Mr. Pratt," Joseph Lincoln; "Fort Frayne," Capt. Charles King; "A Roman Singer," Crawford; "French Poetry for the Young," Victor Oger; "First French Book," Henri Bué; "Causeries avec les Enfants," L. Sauveur; The Franklin Written Arithmetic; cook-books; needlework magazines; *Scribner's*, 1919, full year, and nine of 1918; *National Geographic*, 1919, and six of 1920; *Atlantic Monthly*, July, 1919, to June, 1920; *Ladies' Home Journal*, October, 1919, to September, 1920; *World's Work*, October, 1919, to September, 1920; "Great Men and Famous Women" in set of about fifty; *Saturday Evening Post*, twelve numbers; *Literary Digest*, eighteen of 1919 and seventeen of 1920; *Textile World Journal*, four of 1920; *Good Housekeeping*, eight months of 1918, nine months of 1919, and full set of 1920;

Red Cross Magazine, six months of 1919; *World's Work*, full set of 1920; *Ladies' Home Journal*, full set of 1920; collection of plays.

The West Newton Branch offers the following. Address Mrs. Arthur P. Friend, 85 Prince Street, West Newton, Mass. "Complete French Course," Chardenal; "Advanced French Prose Composition," Françoise; "Essentials in Civil Government," Forman; Latin Prose Composition," Pearson; "History of England," Macaulay; "Elements of Morals," Janet; "First Principles," Spencer; "Short History of the English People," Green; "Botany," Gray; "Principles of Argumentation," Baker & Hunt; "Exercises in French Composition," Comfort.

REQUESTS.

1. I see in a copy of *The Cheerful Letter* that you will send books, magazines, and other good reading matter. Will you please send me "Robinson Crusoe" for myself and children? I have four dear ones living; have lost three in last six years. For reference I give Rev. T. F. West, Ferrum, Virginia, Route 3. Mrs. Nannie F. Hash.

2. Miss Mattie Millner would like very much to receive Irving's "Sketch Book"; also "A Speckled Bird" by Augusta Evans. Address Post Oak, Spotsylvania County, Virginia, care of Dr. J. W. Massey.

3. I shall be very thankful for any kind of patchwork pieces, old or new, and reading for nine children from six to twenty years. I am a widow and being very poor cannot buy reading for the children or pieces for myself either. We live eight miles from town, out among many hills,—no church close by. Mrs. Callie Davis, Athens, Tennessee, Route 8.

4. I am a girl fifteen years old and have to work. My mother is sickly and my father has been sick for a long time; I haven't been to school in over five years. I have two little brothers and two little sisters to attend to. We live on a farm about twelve miles from town. I sure will appreciate some of your books to read. Zula Morton, Wadeville, North Carolina, Route 1, Box 32.

5. The *Cheerful Letter* readers will please accept many thanks for the assistance given me in my school work in the past. I am now teaching history in a rural high school at Lucketts, Virginia, and I should appreciate some good literature again. I would be glad to get Washington Irving's "Life of Washington," "The Sketch Book," the Knickerbocker History of New York, and Irving's "Biographical Sketches"; also biographies of John Adams, John Jay, Aaron Burr; also a good Bible and a dictionary, and some good novels and plays, and some of the present-day magazines, treating of current events, and so on. I should enjoy the *House Beautiful* or some other art magazines. Miss Sue Hardie, Lucketts, Loudoun County, Virginia.

6. I am writing to ask for some literature for myself and three children, books or magazines or anything to make us happy. I have one little girl, Ida, twelve; one boy, Henry, fourteen; one boy, Gurney, sixteen. We live in the country and lead a lonely life, and anything would be appreciated to make the time pass. I refer you to Rev. R. A. McLeod, Fayetteville, North Carolina, R. F. D. Mrs. N. H. Townsend, Overhills, Harnett County, North Carolina.

7. Miss Ilene Tuggle, Buffalo Ridge, Virginia, a schoolgirl, will be glad of suitable reading.

8. Some time has passed since I read an issue of *The Cheerful Letter* or heard from any of its members. I am still on the teachers' list. Have a class in elocution and would be glad to exchange poems and recitations with any of the members; also to correspond with any one who would like to know more about "Dixie." Many thanks to those kind friends who have sent me nice books. Miss Archie B. Quin, New Hebron, Mississippi.

9. I will drop a few lines asking for the books called "The Masterwheel" and "The False Vow, or Hilda." I should also appreciate scraps for patchwork and some waste thread. Miss Annie Simpson, Farmville, Virginia, Route 5.

10. I wish to thank all who have been so kind as to send me reading, cards, etc.; they were much appreciated. And now, as the nights are getting long and I can't get out much, I should be so glad of a few books or magazines to read; also picture-books and cards for my boy aged eight and a baby girl of sixteen months. Anything sent to them would be greatly ap-

preciated. My little boy goes to school and he is very fond of fairy stories. My mother lives with me and she and I both would be glad of a few patch pieces for quilts. She is very fond of knitting or making quilts; she is also fond of reading. I still get the *Ladies' Home Journal* and wish to thank the lady who sends it. Mrs. A. P. Boyd, Vinton, Pennsylvania.

11. I wish to thank all my *Cheerful Letter* friends for their kindness in the past, and I do hope you all will not forget us at Christmas. Crops are very short and prices low, so times are indeed hard with us. We will appreciate anything sent us. And, please, can't one of you send us *Good Housekeeping* or some magazine? I pass it all on. And I want to speak in behalf of Mrs. Eva Collins. Many of you no doubt have noticed her requests in *The Cheerful Letter*. She has just lost her aged father, and she and her old mother are lonely and need cheer. Her address is Blakely, Georgia, Route 1. The mother would be glad to get quilt pieces. May God bless you all! Mrs. J. Porter, Doerun, Colquitt County, Georgia.

12. I should be glad to get any good books or other reading matter for my husband and for my grandson. My mother is living with me. She is eighty-six years old. Mrs. Betty Hundley, Stuart, Virginia, Route 5.

13. We wish to thank our *Cheerful Letter* friends for the many favors received during the last year. We trust they will continue to send us books and reading matter during the coming winter. Anything that would please and make the children of this community happy at Christmas would be gratefully received. Grant's "Memoirs" are very much desired by J. R. Weaver, Lansing, North Carolina.

14. I wish for a space in your corner to thank those who have sent me reading in the past; also patchwork scraps. I can't express in words how I've enjoyed them. I should like so much to receive odds and ends of Sansilk thread. I should also like a few copies of *Needlecraft;* should be thankful for old numbers. Miss Addie Vaughn, Athens, Tennessee, Route 8.

15. Mrs. Roy Payne, Keystone, Nebraska, asks for picture-books and stories to read to her little girl; also an advanced arithmetic, history, and spelling-book for herself and husband.

16. Merritt Aikman, Vanderbilt, Michigan, is a boy of fourteen who a few years ago was badly injured, resulting in lameness so he has to use crutches. He attends school when able. He is fond of reading and will appreciate anything we can do for him.

17. Mrs. L. J. Haynes announces that her address is now Bassett, Virginia. She sends hearty thanks for past favors and hopes she will not be forgotten during the winter.

18. Cotton and wool pieces are specially desired by Mrs. Alan Pressley Wilson. Any magazine or periodical is always welcomed by her husband, Rev. Alan P. Wilson, 13 Williams Road, Blossburg, Pennsylvania.

19. I am a boy of sixteen years and I love to read. I shall be thankful for any good books suitable for a boy in grade seven,—especially for a good history. I should like the Life of Sir Walter Scott, "The Pathfinder," or any other good books or reading matter, and shall be thankful for all. Edgar Ashley, Bina, North Carolina.

20. Mrs. L. B. Grover, South Poland, Maine, a wheel-chair "shut-in," who has not stood on her feet for nine years, will be glad of cards and stories.

21. It is with a sad heart I come again to thank my friends who have sent me crochet-books and reading. On the twentieth of October, just as the shadows were lengthening into darkness, my dear father was called up higher. My dear old mother is left so sad and lonely. She and her little grand-daughter are coming to me for Christmas; so please, dear friends, remember me at that time, as I want to make it the most pleasant Christmas of their life. May God bless every one of you for kindness to me in the past! Mrs. Eva Collins, Blakely, Georgia.

22. It has been a long time since I have written. I want to thank every one who has sent me reading matter in the past. Now will some one kindly send me some story magazines or good books suitable for my boy, aged ten years? I shall appreciate the kindness more than I can tell you. We are alone most of the time, and enjoy reading so much! I enjoy everything that I receive and afterwards pass

it on. Mrs. D. A. Monroe, Manchester, North Carolina.

23. I would so much appreciate some old primers, first readers, second readers, and any good short stories easily used in the first and second grades. I taught my first term in 1888 and have a struggle to get equipment. My little nephew is crazy about stories, and I want some for him. Miss Mattie E. Sale, Ronda, North Carolina.

24. I would like to correspond with some friend. I am a cripple and have been so ever since I was eight years old. I am now thirty-eight; my father and mother are both dead, and I am making my home with my sister. I would enjoy some reading matter and scraps for patchwork; I like to piece quilts. If I am not asking too much, will somebody please send me a New Testament? I refer to Rev. P. Atchley. Miss Martha Howser, Decatur, Tennessee, Route 4.

25. I am so thankful for *The Cheerful Letter* which Miss Y— is sending; I am most grateful to her. I ask for some books and papers to read in the long winter evenings. I am the grandmother of ten children from twelve to two years old; would love to receive story-books and picture-books for them. I would like to have "Stepping Heavenward" and also the *Woman's Home Companion* after it has been read by some one else. Pieces suitable for making dolls' clothes would please three little grand-daughters; I would be glad also to get calico or gingham to finish my quilts. Mrs. Sallie B. Jones, Brookville, Ohio, Route 2.

26. Miss Ornie Tyson, Ansonville, North Carolina (Box 213), says she would be glad to have some reading matter, crochet thread of any color, and pieces for patchwork. She hopes to be remembered at Christmas and on her birthday, the twentieth of January.

27. Just a few lines to thank the *Cheerful Letter* readers for their kindness to me this past year. I should still be glad to get books or papers for myself or for the children. Mrs. G. R. Cooper, Garrisonville, Stafford County, Virginia.

Teacher: "What is the highest form of animal life?"

Little Peter (promptly): "The giraffe."

THE HOME STUDY DEPARTMENT.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

Now that the stress of the last four years is over and we no longer have Red Cross work to do nor letters to write to the "boys over there," the time has come to take up with renewed enthusiasm and effort the work of the days of peace which naturally languished somewhat during the World War. The Cheerful Letter Exchange hopes with this renewed activity in all directions to become more effective in its various departments than ever before.

Therefore it is my wish, as chairman of the Home Study Committee, to bring before you briefly that branch of the work.

We believe there are great possibilities for usefulness in this department and we intend to make it as efficient as it can be made; but this can be accomplished only with the co-operation of our correspondents. Our plan is to conduct the work upon Correspondence School lines, and we are prepared to give instruction in practically any subject required. We have in the past given help in all elementary studies, also in Latin, music, botany, drawing, and so forth.

We have been successful and those who have had the benefit of this instruction have been most appreciative. To any one, young or old, who is away from school centres, the home study work should be invaluable, and we trust that all who wish to take any course will apply immediately.

We intend to pay especial attention to elementary and grammar school studies. We believe such work has an important place during the inclement winter months, among the young people and children who live too far away from school to attend regularly.

An immediate reply will follow an application for study or further information about this work, if sent to Mrs. George G. Saville, 30 Woodward Avenue, Quincy, Mass.

"Could you do something for a poor old sailor?" asked the seedy-looking wanderer at the gate. "Poor old sailor?" echoed a woman, herself hard at work at the washtub. "Yes'm, I followed the water for sixteen years." "Well," said the woman after a critical look, "you certainly don't look as if you ever caught up with it." And she resumed her labors.—*The New Majority.*

THE MOTHERS' COUNCIL.

PARENTS AND THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL.

Not long ago the workers in a certain church began to wake up to the fact that the link between the Sunday-school and the parents of the children who attended it was not a strong one.

The fathers and mothers were usually present at the Christmas, Easter, and June entertainments; and they saw to it that the children went regularly to Sunday-school. But there, apparently, their responsibility as well as their interest came to an end. Superintendents and teachers accepted the situation without resistance. They were sorry that the parents were delinquent, but they never sought to bridge the gulf between the home and the Sunday-school.

Help came from an unexpected source. The pastor of the church, who was unaware of the situation, took over a class of boys. From the outset the new teacher assumed that every one of the parents of the boys was as much interested as he himself was in the success of his venture. After a few weeks he wrote a letter to the father and the mother of each one of his pupils.

He told in the letters of the interest that the boys took in their work and mentioned the traits that he had noticed in the particular boy about whom he was writing. Furthermore, he suggested ways in which the parents could help their son with his weekly Sunday-school work. After pointing out the main purpose of the lesson series for the year, the writer asked the parents if one of them would not make it a personal matter to see that their son prepared the lesson for that week. He asked them, further, to discuss the lesson with the boy and do what they could to strengthen his interest in his work and his sense of responsibility as a member of the Sunday-school.

To his gratification he received several prompt replies. Some of the writers expressed their appreciation of the interest that he was taking in their sons; others asked for further instructions; all promised to follow his suggestions.

After the pastor had taught the class for a while, carrying out his own plans for it in his own way, he made a full report at a teachers' meeting. The report was suggestive and inspiring. It showed the rest of the workers what determination and ingenuity can accomplish when supported by unswerving patience. Moreover, it pointed out just what was the trouble at the bottom of the parent-teacher difficulty. *There had never before been any real effort made to draw the parents into connection with Sunday-school work.* The teachers had indeed seen a great gulf fixed between the Sunday-school and the home; what they had not seen was the fact that the gulf could be crossed from one direction as well as from the other.

From that time a change of method began. There were difficulties, of course, and backslidings and discouragements. Not every teacher followed the new plan. Some pleaded lack of time; others, exceptionally indifferent parents. But a sufficient number did follow the plan to bring about a marked improvement.

The parents were ready to acknowledge their own share in the benefit. It was evident that the idea of being a part of the Sunday-school life had not occurred to them. When the indirect suggestion was made they had responded gladly. They agreed that the half-hour a day that they spent with their sons, studying the appointed lesson and helping them with the weekly class work, was a privilege, not a task. Several fathers confessed that the pastor's appeal had directed their attention to a weak spot in their home life—namely, a lack of spiritual fellowship with their children. Getting together for a while every day over the Sunday-school task had set up a comradely intercourse that promised great things. They were finding that the religious life of the child is as essential as any other part of his home life, and were beginning to regard the Sunday-school as something more than a place to which the younger members of the household were packed off every Sunday, and to realize that it had a claim on them as well as on the child.

Before a year had passed the new plan yielded a yet richer harvest. Twenty young candidates were being prepared for church membership. The pastor, seeing his opportunity, invited the parents to attend their meetings. The older people, responding, became deeply interested in their children's religious studies. They attended the study periods with regularity and with increasing zeal.

When the day came for the candidates to be admitted to full membership, the parents were asked to stand with them. It was after that that the full fruits of the early sowing were seen; in several

instances a father or mother who was not a member of the church was moved to become a member. A new era had begun. The gulf between Sunday-school and home had been bridged, and the old cry, "Parents will not co-operate," was heard no more.—*The Youth's Companion.*

CHILDREN'S CLASSICS.

THE LANDING OF THE PILGRIM FATHERS.

(*Plymouth, December, 1620.*)

The breaking waves dashed high
On a stern and rockbound coast.
And the woods against a stormy sky
Their giant branches tossed;

And the heavy night hung dark
The hills and waters o'er,
When a band of exiles moored their bark
On the wild New England shore.

Not as the conqueror comes.
They, the true-hearted, came;
Not with the roll of the stirring drums,
Or the trumpet that sings of fame;

Not as the flying come,
In sadness and in fear;—
They shook the depths of the desert gloom
With their hymns of lofty cheer.

Amidst the storm they sang,
And the stars heard, and the sea;
And the sounding aisles of the dim woods rang
To the anthem of the free!

The ocean eagle soared
From his nest by the white waves' foam,
And the rocking pines of the forest roared,—
This was their welcome home!

There were men with hoary hair
Amidst that pilgrim band;
Why had they come to wither there,
Away from their childhood's land?

There was woman's fearless eye,
Lit by her deep love's truth;
There was manhood's brow serenely high,
And the fiery heart of youth.

What sought they thus afar?
Bright jewels of the mine?
The wealth of seas, the spoils of war?—
They sought a faith's pure shrine!

Aye, call it holy ground,
The soil where first they trod.
They have left unstained what there they found,—
Freedom to worship God.

—*Felicia Hemans.*

A NOTABLE ANNIVERSARY.

Three hundred years ago this month a certain little company of settlers landed on the bleak, unpromising shore of what we now call Massachusetts, at a spot almost opposite the extreme end of Cape Cod. As we all know, it was not actually the first permanent settlement made by English-speaking people on American soil; but it was the first which had a great and permanent influence on the developing character of our new nation. This year,—1920—has seen public celebrations of the three-hundredth anniversary of the Pilgrims' coming, not only at Plymouth, Mass., but in many parts of our land, showing a nation-wide recognition of the importance of the standard of citizenship which they set for all of the rest of us. The fact that so many of these celebrations were held in midsummer instead of in December, is readily understood when one considers that most of them included open-air pageants, with great numbers of spectators, and that affairs of that sort are more easily managed in warm, bright weather.

Every boy and girl in the United States ought to know by heart the famous poem which is here reprinted in this month's issue under the head of "Children's Classics." It was written many years ago by an English woman who had never actually visited our American Plymouth, and she made the slight slip of describing that part of the New England coast as "rock bound," where it is actually more sandy than rocky. But that trifling error does not matter. What really matters is that the poet put into these immortal lines the true spirit of one of the most important voyages of spiritual adventure ever undertaken in the whole history of mankind.

Thou Life within my life, than self more near,
Thou veiled Presence, infinitely clear,
From all illusive shows of sense I flee,
To find my centre and my rest in Thee.

How shall I call Thee, who art always here?
How shall I praise Thee, who art still most dear?
What may I give Thee, save what Thou hast given?
And whom but Thee have I in earth or heaven?

—*Eliza Scudder.*

THE AMUSEMENT COLUMN.

[Address everything relating to the Amusement Column to Mr. Henry A. Jenks, 1925 Massachusetts Avenue, Cambridge 40, Mass. Contributors are requested to write on one side of the paper only. Write name and address plainly (not necessarily for publication) and send the answers to the puzzles on a separate slip of paper.]

I.

CHANGEABLE COLORS.

1. I am a color; change my head, I am careless; change once more, I am to chatter.

2. I am a color; change my head, I am a hint; once more, I am a sticky substance.

3. I am a color; change my head, I am to entreat; once more, I am a fight.

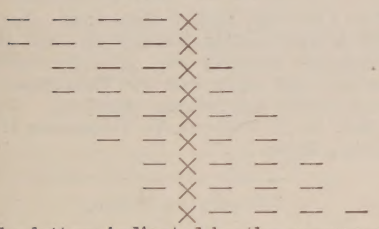
4. I am a color; change my head, I am ripe; once more, I am to roar.

5. I am a color; change my head, I am a vessel for holding liquids; once more, I am an ornament used by a lady.

—*The Beacon.*

II.

CROSS-PUZZLE.



The letters indicated by the crosses spell the name of a holiday enjoyed by all.

Cross-words: 1. A word meaning white.
2. A random cut.
3. Twenty.
4. A quantity of thread.
5. A synonym for affection.
6. A synonym for hinder.
7. A synonym for capacious.
8. A State of the American Union.
9. A tangle.

III.

A PUZZLE.

My first you will cross when to France you go.

My second some Englishmen drop from hoe.

My third an army of twenty-six leads.

My fourth you will find both in runs and reads.

My fifth, again, leads a little band.

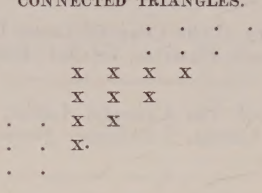
My sixth you'll find at the end of the land.

My seventh (in plural) you'll guess with ease.

And my whole is a puzzle. What is it, please? —*Selected.*

IV.

CONNECTED TRIANGLES.



First Triangle: 1. A pronoun. 2. A covering for the head. 3. A preposition. 4. A consonant.

Second Triangle: 1. Food, in general; the edible part of anything. 2. To devour. 3. A preposition. 4. A consonant.

Third Triangle: 1. Below the true musical pitch. 2. To rent. 3. A preposition. 4. A consonant.

V.

CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

In hat, but not in cap.
In rain, but not in snow.
In race, but not in lace.
In day, but not in night.
In ice, but not in water.
In near, but not in far.
In game, but not in contest.

My *whole* is the name of a famous Senator from Ohio.

Answers to puzzles in the November number.

I. FISH TRANSFORMATIONS: 1. Pike—Pine. 2. Perch—Percy. 3. Skate—State. 4. Bass—Base. 5. Shad—Sham. 6. Smelt—Smell. 7. Whale—Shale. 8. Shark—Sharp.

II. AN ACROSTIC:

C O L U M B I A
C **O** L O R A D O
O K **L** A H O M A
B E A **U** P O R T
G A N Y **M** E D E
K O T Z E **B** U S
P I T T A C **U** S
G R A C C H U **S**

III. PECULIAR ARITHMETIC: THANKSGIVING.

IV. CROSS-WORD ENIGMA: *Deschanel.*

V. ENIGMA: I have beaten the Russian and Austrian armies commanded by the two emperors. I am a little tired. . . . I go to sleep for two or three hours. The Russian Army is not only beaten, but destroyed. I embrace you.

THE CHEERFUL LETTER EXCHANGE.

Chairman of the Cheerful Letter Exchange, Mrs. W. B. Nichols, 25 Fairmount Way, Quincy, Mass.

Secretary of the Cheerful Letter Exchange, Mrs. Francis Hastings, Kendal Green, Mass.

Editor of The Cheerful Letter, Miss L. Freeman Clarke, 5 Brimmer Street, Boston, Mass.

Book Club Secretary, Mrs. W. B. Nichols, 25 Fairmount Way, Quincy, Mass.

OBJECTS.

1. To cheer and comfort the lonely and discouraged—not only invalids, but all who need cheer and comfort—by the interchange of letters and by gifts of books and periodicals.

2. To supply in some measure to young people in remote places the lack of schools, by gifts of school-books, letters, and, for those who desire it, correspondence classes on history, the natural sciences, and other interesting branches of study. If any desire to join such classes, they may send their names to our secretary.

3. Also to supply, to some extent, the lack of a church. One good sermon or similar article is printed in each number of the paper. These sermons are never doctrinal, but practical, and intended to cheer and comfort the sorrowful and aid in giving a vital religion without regard to sect or creed.

Any minister (of any sect) who receives this paper is cordially invited to distribute the copies of *The Cheerful Letter* received among lonely members of his parish, shut-ins or invalids of whom he may know. He is also invited to write to our headquarters (see address on this page) and give names and addresses of those who may be cheered and helped by becoming our correspondents.

No *theology* is disseminated in our paper. All the religious matter is intended merely to strengthen, cheer, and comfort those in need of such practical help.

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